

Children's Newspaper

Every Wednesday—Threepence

FOUNDED BY ARTHUR MEE

No. 1855, October 9, 1954

CHAMPION IN THE MAKING

Reg Bennett takes his tennis rackets to Australia

As the s.s. Stratheden sailed out of Tilbury the other day a sturdy 17-year-old boy with an armful of rackets gaily waved his free hand. He was Reg Bennett, starting on a six-month playing tour of Australia.

Losing singles finalist in the Junior Lawn Tennis Championships—and winner, with his friend Michael Hann, of the doubles title—Reg was keenly looking forward to his trip when he was interviewed by our correspondent.

THE first time I saw Reg Bennett, writes our correspondent, he was just, stepping out of the shower, water streaming down his tanned body.

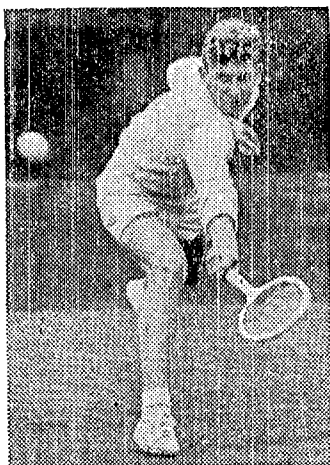
"That feels better," he said, reaching for a towel. "I needed a shower after that game."

Considering that he had won his last game quite easily the remark sounded more polite than truthful. Then I realised that it had been a hard match—in the same way that to Reg every match is hard. When you are trying to make your way to the top in tennis, every set, every point demands concentration.

PICKED BY THE L.T.A.

This ability to concentrate has made Reg one of Britain's most promising juniors and has led to his selection by the Lawn Tennis Association for a tour of Australia.

The practice of sending the best of our young players to Australia began with Billy Knight. Meeting



Reg Bennett in action

the best of Australia's juniors as well as famous players from all over the world, the Northampton left-hander gained invaluable experience and returned a much-improved player.

When I saw him shortly before he sailed, Reg Bennett was determined to do the same.

"This is the most wonderful opportunity," he said. "You see, the world's leading players are only in this country for a short

while, so we have little chance of studying them let alone playing them. In Australia, apart from training under the eye of Harry Hopman, their Davis Cup manager, I shall have six months of watching these great players, playing against them, and talking to them. I can't help but improve, can I?"

BEGINNING AT 12

To improve his tennis is Reg's chief aim. It has been his aim since he was 12, when his mother, herself an average club player, decided to teach him to play.

She soon found herself no match for her son and engaged a local coach. Reg worked hard, giving up all other games to concentrate on tennis.

Within a couple of years he had won two Sussex junior championships and caught the eye of the County authorities. Promising young players are encouraged nowadays and Reg found himself on the list for special coaching.

Soon, however, it was realised that this fair-haired youngster, who looks very much like a younger brother of Frank Sedgman, had the makings of a great player. So he was sent to Dan Maskell, England's leading coach.

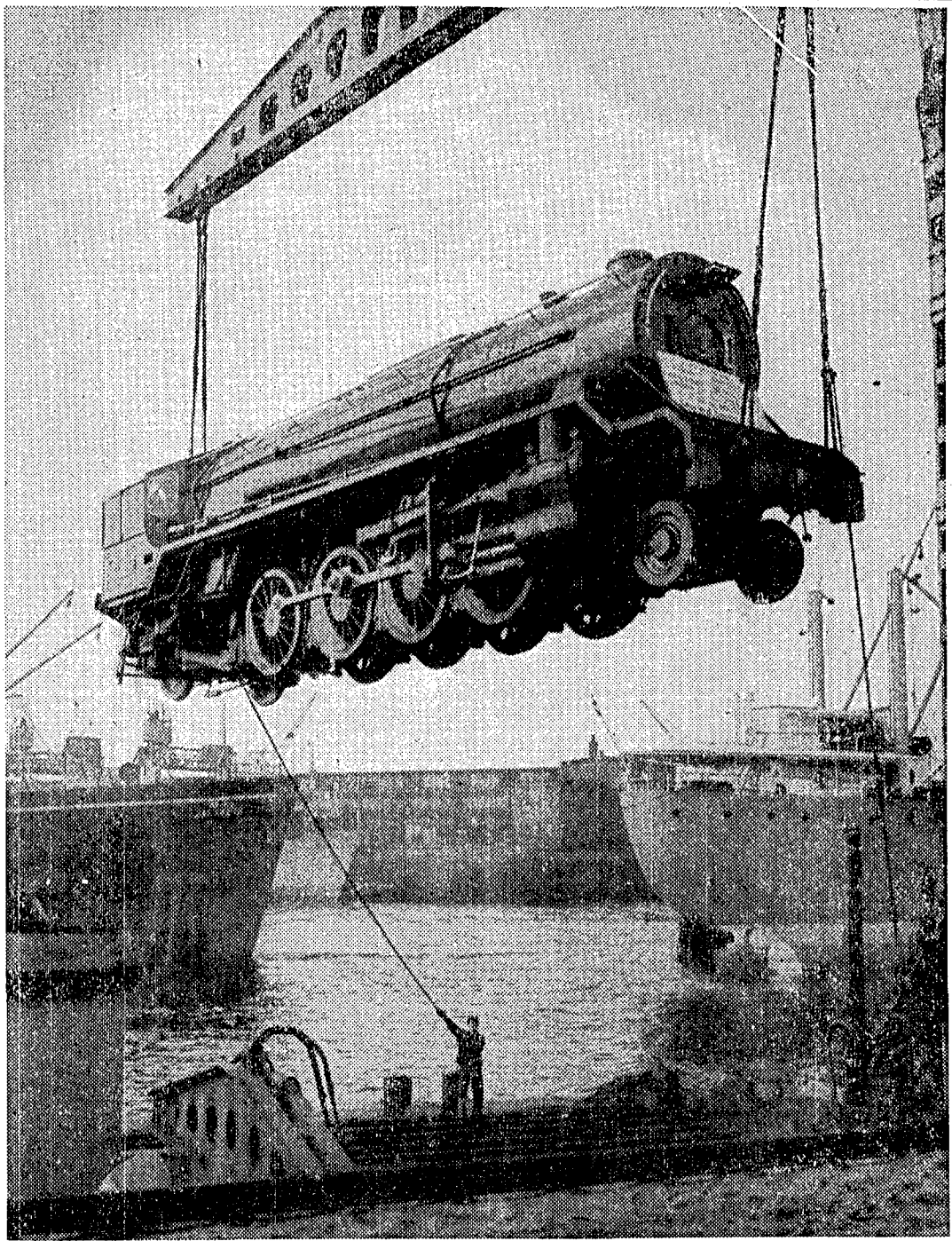
AT ALL ENGLAND CLUB

Reg told me that he still goes to the All England Club to play under the watchful eye of Dan Maskell, but the emphasis is now on tactics and courtcraft; on eradicating bad habits rather than teaching him new shots.

"You see," he said, "when you are playing in as many as 20 tournaments during the summer, as I have done this year, it is easy to slip into what you might call safe shots—shots that will succeed against the average player but are virtually useless against the best. And who ever got to the top by playing safe tennis?"

He glanced at his watch. "I must rush off to the ship now," he said. "That is one appointment I wouldn't miss for anything."

We shook hands—and I wondered whether I was shaking the hand that would one day hit the winning ball at Wimbledon.



Locomotive goes aboard

More skill than met the eye was needed as this great locomotive was swung aboard by floating crane in Hamburg docks. It was one of four being taken to India.

TOO MANY MONKEYS, AND TOO FEW

Two South African cities are "monkey crazy," the only difference being that one wants monkeys and the other wants to get rid of monkeys.

Durban residents want to clear the monkeys out of the city area because they enter houses when doors and windows are left open and eat all the food they can find.

On the other hand, Germiston pet-shop owners are crying out for monkeys. Every fifth home in Germiston is said to have a monkey for a pet, and the demand for them is still growing.

THEIR SHIP IS AN ISLAND

Rhodesian sea-cadets from Salisbury and Bulawayo have been training on an island in Lake Mellwaine, their headquarters, which is officially a "ship." To the sounds of the bosun's pipe and the ship's bell, they have been getting up at 5.30 for a hard day's work including practical seamanship, depth-sounding, morse and semaphore, rowing, boating, rigging, and navigation.

Though far from the sea, these lads get no "shore leave," and aboard the island ship they sleep in tents and eat in the open air.

SAVED HIS BROTHER FROM TIGRESS

A tigress came out of the bushes as an Indian boy, Tukaram Krishna, was minding the family cattle at Panchgani.

Then, to his horror, the beast sprang on the youngest of his two brothers, who were playing nearby.

Though only eight, Krishna dashed to the spot and diverted the animal's attention to himself. She jumped at him, tore his shirt, and pinned him to the ground. The children's yells brought several grown-ups to the scene, and the tigress, alarmed by the uproar of shouts, scurried back into the jungle.

Brave Tukaram was unhurt, though his shirt was torn to shreds!

PAGAN TEMPLE IN THE HEART OF LONDON

Wonderful Roman discovery on a bomb site

IN the last two or three weeks Londoners have been thrilled, not by a novelty but by an antiquity—the remains of a temple where the Persian sun-god, Mithras, was worshipped during the Roman occupation. Unearthed on a bomb site near Cannon Street Station where a block of offices is to be erected, they are among the most thrilling relics of Roman London ever discovered. As we went to press there were hopes that the temple ruins would be preserved.

At this spot close to the pavements thronged today with office workers, Mithraists gathered together at their worship some 1800 years ago. The foundations show their temple to have been about 60 feet long. It had a triple apse at one end, and two rows of pillars dividing what we should call a nave from two aisles.

HEAD OF A GOD

One of the most fascinating of the many objects that have come to light here is the finely sculptured marble head of Mithras, portrayed as a serious-looking man with curly hair. It is thought to have been originally part of a complete statue of the god, standing in some part of the temple.

An even finer work of art, unearthed near this treasure, was the head of one of the attendant gods of Mithras.

This temple is not the only Mithraic place of worship found in Britain. The cult was particularly popular among Roman soldiers, and one used by the Legions who guarded

Hadrian's Wall was in a cave at Housesteads in Northumberland.

Excavations revealed that this underground place of worship had a long narrow nave flanked by benches for the worshippers. It had an elaborate relief of Mithras rising from a rock and so arranged that it could be illuminated from behind—doubtless an awe-inspiring spectacle to the simple soldiers gathered in their cave shrine. The relief is among the wonderful Roman collection in Newcastle's Black Gate Museum.

LONDON DESTROYED

The newly-discovered temple in the City of London was on a much larger scale, and was probably thronged by Roman civilians as well as soldiers in the second century. For London was then a thriving city. Tacitus tells us that it was flourishing in A.D. 60 when it was destroyed by Boadicea. It was soon rebuilt by the Romans and was defended against further attacks by a wall, many portions of which have come to light in recent years.

FIGHTING MALARIA

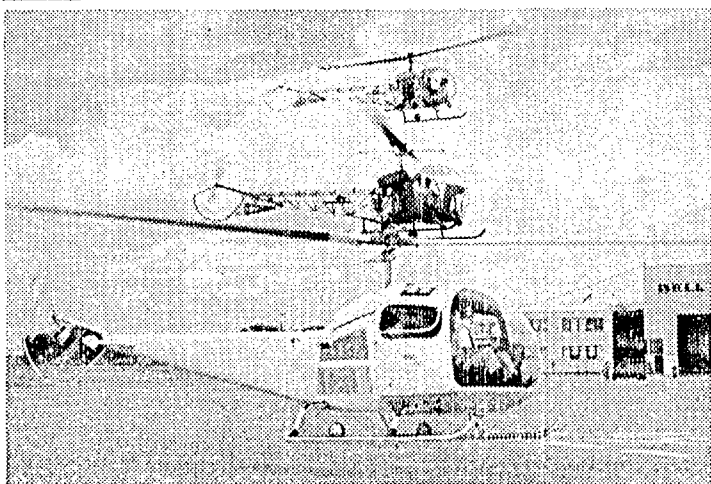
More than 50,000 children die of malaria every year in Nigeria. Now a £75,000 anti-malaria project, launched this year by the World Health Organisation and the International Children's Fund, has begun to take shape. A unit has been established at Jos in Nigeria.

This is the first scheme of its kind in West Africa, and when fully in operation it is hoped that the toll of the disease will be considerably reduced.

PAY AS YOU PARK

In the streets of Auckland in New Zealand, parking meters for motorists have been used by more than a million drivers in 12 months, and have brought the City Council a total of £17,000.

They have greatly eased the congestion in busy streets. Car owners have ceased grumbling, and some have even sent "conscience money" after forgetting to pay their fee, unnoticed by a policeman. One man recently sent six shillings on this account.



Helicopters on parade

This three-storey formation of Bell helicopters was seen at a recent air show at Dayton, Ohio. The highest is a standard demonstration craft; then comes an Army H113, and below this the experimental model 47G1.

Highlanders celebrate Balaclava

On Saturday the Queen will attend the Balaclava centenary celebrations of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders at Stirling Castle.

During the Crimean War the British and their allies were besieging Sebastopol, in the Crimea. The British base of supplies was at Balaclava, some six miles from their trenches, and on October 25, 1854, the Russians made an attempt to seize it.

At one point of the battle only one regiment of infantry, the 93rd (Sutherland Highlanders), under Colin Campbell, stood between the enemy and their objective. The red-hatted Highlanders were not drawn up in the usual square formation for facing cavalry, but in a long thin line to cover the front.

The Russian cavalry charged, expecting an easy break-through, but so staunchly did the 93rd hold their ground that the enemy were thrown back more than once and eventually withdrew in disorder.

Later on that fateful day came the magnificent Charge of the Light Brigade, when 600 horsemen galloped down a valley through a hail of artillery fire to reach the enemy guns.

Everyone knows Tennyson's poem commemorating this epic feat of arms, one of the most spectacular in the history of the British Army.

WRITING HISTORY FOR A HOBBY

When all the children have started school, some mothers find there is less to do and are glad to relax. But Mrs. Nora Sophie Kane settled down to writing the first comprehensive history of her native land, Southern Rhodesia.

Mrs. Kane is well qualified for her task, having taken a B.A. degree with honours in English at Rhodes University in Grahamstown. She also had a wealth of personal stories heard in childhood from her pioneer parents and grandparents to draw on as well as material from official sources.

It took her two years to write her book, which had been highly praised by Sir Robert Tredgold, the Acting Governor. It is called *The World's View—The Story of Southern Rhodesia* (Cassell, 21s.) and will be published on October 21.

FOR YOUNG MUSIC LOVERS

The Robert Mayer Concerts for Children are starting a new season at London's Royal Festival Hall this Saturday, October 9. Other concerts will follow on October 30, November 13, December 11 (with carols), December 29, February 5, March 5, and March 26. All begin at 11 a.m.—a morning feast of music for the young given by six fine orchestras, the London Philharmonic, Sadler's Wells, Royal Philharmonic, London Symphony, St. Cecilia, and Philharmonia.

News from Everywhere

5000 DOLLS

Miss Nettie Tucker of Beaumont, California, never had a doll when she was a child. Now she has 5000, collected from many parts of the world. Some of them are centuries old.

South Africa's cities will soon have zebra crossings, and special regulations will be passed to give the pedestrian legal right of way.

A farmer's wife in Limoges, France, recently found a mushroom weighing eight lb.

An atlas showing the distribution of over 2000 flowering plants and ferns of the British Isles is being prepared by the Botanical Society of Great Britain.

WESLEY'S HOME

Epworth Rectory, Lincolnshire, home of John and Charles Wesley, has been bought by an anonymous donor for £4500 and given to the Methodist Church.

An okapi, a rare Central African creature related to the giraffe, has been born in the Antwerp Zoo. It is said to be the first ever born in captivity.

The Scout Group attached to the Chailey Heritage Craft School are appealing for books suitable for boys between six and 16. These should be sent to the Scoutmaster at Founders Hill, Chailey, Sussex.

Disused for seven years, Ilkeston Midland Railway Station, Derbyshire, has been converted into a hardware shop.

The construction of a gallery under the Channel to carry telephone and electric cables is being discussed by Britain and France. Its design would allow it to be incorporated in a cross-Channel traffic tunnel.

Bread is now displacing rice as the staple diet in Japan.

MORE CANADIANS

Canada now has more than 16 million people. Her population has increased by 3,123,000 since the end of the war, or nearly 26 per cent.

The first fishing boat of Mevagissey, Cornwall, to fit echo-sounding apparatus caught twice as many pilchards as any other boat in the fleet during its recent trials.

Twelve-year-old Robert Fisher of East Sheen, Surrey, caught a 95-lb. shark off Looe in Cornwall.

SHORT-WAVE DOCTORS

A recent CN paragraph stated that a doctor in Staffordshire was thought to be the first in this country to use a radio-telephone in his car. A Kent doctor informs us that this link with the surgery is being used by himself and at least eight other doctors.

YOUNG PAT IS A LORIMER

What is a lorimer, or loriner, as he is sometimes called? The 15-year-old lad in this picture, Patrick Downing, of Walsall, Staffs, could tell you. A lorimer forges horse furniture, especially



bits and stirrups, by hand. This highly-skilled craft is almost extinct in England; the work now being done by machine. Patrick Downing is believed to be the youngest apprenticed lorimer in the world.

The business in Walsall has been passed down for generations as a family concern and at present is in the hands of Messrs. Dennis and Albert Warman, who are Patrick's great-uncles.

Lorimer comes from an old French word for a maker of harness.

SPEED AND POLISH

A British aircraft polish is not only helping our airliners to set up a new standard of smartness both inside and out, but is helping the planes of three air forces to fly faster.

British European Airways first used the polish four years ago. It then attracted the attention of a member of the King's Flight, who decided that it was just what was needed for the Royal Viking aircraft.

Shortly afterwards a gleaming plane of the Flight visited a Royal Canadian Air Force station, where the Canadians decided that they wanted the polish on their Sabre jets. For a good external finish reduces drag and can add considerably to the performance of a high-speed fighter.

Before long, a U.S.A.F. fighter squadron in England saw their Canadian neighbours with the polish, and decided to adopt it, too. And now it is a standard finish for planes at all American bases in Europe.



The vicar and his willing band

A few months ago the Revd. Charles Dare became the vicar of St. Paul's Church at Dalston, in East End of London. The church was badly in need of repair so he undertook the task, and here he is seen at work assisted by willing members of his congregation.

CACTUS BOY

Sixteen-year-old James Ring, of Stainbeck Lane, Leeds, is an enthusiastic collector of cacti, and now has more than 60 varieties in his own special conservatory. James is now adding shelves to it, for he proposes to go on collecting and raising new plants.

There are over 1000 species of cacti and James can identify most of them. He became a member of the National Cacti and Succulent Society two years ago, and gained first prize in the junior cactus class at Roundhay Flower Show this year. Some of James's plants may look grotesque, but they are things of beauty to him.

"No cactus produces an insignificant flower," he says, "they all throw out lovely blooms."

BOOTS FOR A BOWLER

A well-known Northampton boot and shoe firm is supplying Frank Tyson, the Northants fast bowler in the M.C.C. touring side, with cricket boots specially designed to withstand the wear and tear of the hard wickets he will play on in Australia.

A feature of the boots is the metal toe cap and toe plate which is incorporated into the right boot. There is also a special support in the back part of the ankle of both boots to prevent them going over. The spikes on the sole of the boots can be adjusted in length to suit the conditions.

WHY HANDWRITING IS BAD

One reason for the poor handwriting to be found in schools today is given in the annual report of the Scottish Council for Research in Education.

It states that in the past pupils usually used copybooks and the writing master taught his charges by personal demonstration as well. Nowadays classes are too large for this individual training.

The report suggests that the cinema might be used in place of the writing master's personal demonstration and a trial film is, in fact, already being prepared.

TOWN IN THE SEA

In the Caspian Sea, about 60 miles from Baku, a town has been built in the sea itself. There is oil beneath the sea-bed and the town houses oil workers.

Old ships were sunk in shallow water and on their decks little houses were erected.

Roads supported on piles stretch out from these houses in several directions connecting the oil town with distant oil derricks. There are clubs, libraries, theatres, and shops in this unusual town.

WORKING FOR A PET

Twelve-year-old Michael Biggs of Aylesbury and his friend Hugh Martin found a baby barn owl deserted by its parents. Michael made a pet of the owl and calls it "Flame." It is now so tame that it comes when called.

At first the owl would only eat cornflakes soaked in milk. But soon raw rabbit became a favourite dish. So to earn their pet's keep the two boys are going out to work mowing lawns.

Tame buzzard

David Stott, a young Pembrokeshire farmer, found a buzzard chick in a nest during the summer and took it home. Now William, as it is called, has grown up and is devoted to its rescuer.



MODEL LOCO'S WORLD RECORD

100 miles without stopping

A Yorkshire-built scale model of a L.N.E.R. L1. class locomotive has run for eleven hours and covered a distance of 100 miles without stopping. This is claimed to be a new world's non-stop record for a model engine, the previous best, at Chingford in August, being 70 miles.

The run was made in the headquarters of the West Riding Small Locomotive Society at Tingley, near Wakefield, and the model engine made 808 laps of a track which is just short of an eighth of a mile long. The average speed was just over nine miles an hour.

The loco was constructed by Mr. Albert Balmforth of Bradford, who shared the driving duties with two other members of the society. Replenishments of coal and water were regularly made, and it was stated that at the end of the run the engine was running just as

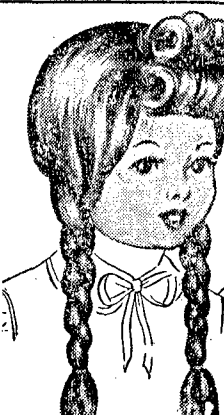
smoothly as it was at the beginning.

The locomotive was built to a scale of one-eighth of an ordinary railway engine and this run was the equivalent of an 800-mile journey for a full scale counterpart or, say, London to Edinburgh and back, non-stop.

PACIFIC MIGRATION

Many people from Samoa, the Cook Islands, and Niue Island come to New Zealand, either to work or to continue their education.

Now there are 5000 Pacific Islanders living in Auckland and Wellington, the two biggest cities of New Zealand. Most of them intend to remain in New Zealand, which has over 100,000 of their Maori kinsmen, whose ancestors migrated south over 600 years ago.



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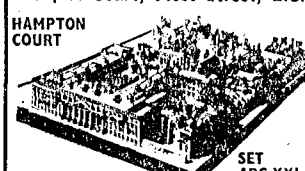


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VENUS AT ITS NEAREST

Aquarius and the Southern Fish

THE planet Venus is now at its brightest, appearing like a lovely celestial lamp low in the south-west sky of an evening. But Venus is not there for long as it sets soon after six o'clock, only about an hour after the Sun sets.

Since Venus is now gradually coming between the Earth and the Sun, opportunities of seeing much more of it in the evening are drawing to a close. Just now it is about 41 million miles away and rapidly overtaking the Earth; in a month's time Venus will be only 25,600,000 miles away and at its nearest to us.

MARS AND FOMALHAUT

Mars may still be recognised a good way to the left of Venus and also not far above the horizon, shining like a yellowish first-magnitude star, its radiance much diminished owing to its distance—nearly 80 million miles.

Still farther to the left of Mars may be seen, much later in the evening, the very bright star Fomalhaut of the constellation Pisces Australis, the Southern Fish; it is on a line due south from Beta and Alpha in the Great Square of Pegasus, the constellation described in the CN of September 25.

Fomalhaut appears overhead in southern latitudes such as New

South Wales and the Cape province of South Africa, where its full brilliance may be appreciated. It is a sun about twice the diameter of our Sun but much more brilliant, radiating about 40 times more light and heat. Fomalhaut is similar in type to Sirius but larger, and would appear much brighter were it not that Fomalhaut is so much farther away, its light taking about 23½ years to reach us.

Above Fomalhaut, and over a wide area of the southern heavens, extends the constellation of Aquarius, generally known as the Man with the Water Jar. As such it has been known, in various languages, since the dawn of history. In the earliest days this celestial individual was held responsible for the rains and was represented pouring a stream of water over this region of the skies.

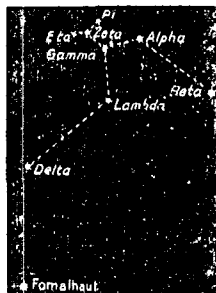
It is from this starry stream of water that the Southern Fish, represented by Fomalhaut and several fainter stars, has always been shown as drinking.

The position of Aquarius relative to Fomalhaut is indicated by the star-map, so the identification of its few bright stars will be easy. The group of fainter ones, Zeta, Eta, Gamma, and Pi, which represent the water jug are also shown. Of these Gamma, a sun of twice the diameter of our Sun, is much the nearest, being about 51 light-years from us.

Alpha—in-Aquarius radiates about 700 times more light and heat than our Sun. Its distance is about 405 light-years' journey.

Beta—in-Aquarius is at much the same distance but radiates about 800 times more light and heat than our Sun. These two great suns represent the two shoulders of Aquarius.

G. F. M.



YORKSHIRE BELLS OVERSEAS

The chaplain of St. Stephens College, Delhi, was at one time curate at Guiseley Parish Church, near Leeds. A newspaper report that he was looking for a disused mill bell for the new college chapel brought the offer of one which had hung over the Springhead Mills, Guiseley, for more than a century.

This is not the first mill bell from this part of Yorkshire to go overseas. When the mill at Fewston, in Wharfedale, was being dismantled many years ago, the late Dr. Robert Collyer of Cornell University, who, as a child, had been summoned to his work at Fewston Mill at six o'clock every morning, asked for "a piece of that wicked old bell."

He was presented with the whole bell, and it has remained at Cornell ever since.

It happened this week

IRISH SUBMIT TO KING WILLIAM

OCTOBER 3, 1691. LIMERICK.—The signing of two treaties here today ends the resistance of the Irish to the government of King William III.

The Irish commander, Patrick Sarsfield, Earl of Lucan, advised his fellow rebels to accept King William's onerous terms. The flight of King James II, he said, and the present scarcity of provisions made capitulation unavoidable.

Under the military treaty, 10,000 Irish soldiers who surrendered are expected to take advantage of the offer to take service with their supporter, King Louis XIV of France, or to return to their homes unmolested.

FRANCE IN REVOLT

OCTOBER 6, 1789. PARIS.—Louis XVI, King of France, and his Queen, the lovely Marie Antoinette, are today prisoners in the Palace of the Tuileries.

Yesterday the King was a free man, hunting in the forest of Versailles, but on his return to the Palace, where the National Assembly was meeting to draft a new constitution for France, he found it besieged by a great crowd of people.

The mob had poured out of Paris, collecting more shouting people on its way, and eventually forced an entrance into the hall where the National Assembly was sitting. All that night the crowd bivouacked in the avenues of Versailles, but at daybreak, when someone discovered an unguarded door, an attack on the Palace began.

The guards ran to the defence of the Royal family, but were driven back, and the King was persuaded to return to Paris.

It was a sad and terrifying journey for the royal pair. All the 14 miles their carriage was surrounded by the shouting, singing mob, many yelling insults into the doors of the carriage.

The fall of the Bastille 12 weeks ago showed that the King had lost his power. Today's events show he has lost his freedom.

CHICAGO BURNED DOWN

OCTOBER 9, 1871. CHICAGO.—Nearly 200 people have lost their lives in a gigantic fire which has destroyed practically the whole of this city whose buildings were mostly of wood.

Some 18,000 of these timber structures have been totally destroyed, and 100,000 persons are homeless. Loss of property is estimated at 200 million dollars.

The fire is said to have started about 9.30 p.m. last night when a cow kicked over an oil lamp in a stable, setting fire to straw. A strong wind fanned the flames which quickly ignited many old wooden walls. The pavements were also of wood and were soon ablaze, making a sheet of flame two miles long.

Many buildings were blown up in an attempt to halt the flames.

RADIO AND TV

EYES AND EARS ON THE HORSE OF THE YEAR

FOR most of this week the BBC will be covering The Horse of the Year Show, both by Radio and Television. This annual event is organised by the British Show Jumping Association and is taking place at Harringay Arena in London.

Television will be showing events on four evenings, and two of the most important events will be described in the Home Service.



Pat Smythe with Prima Donna

One of these—on Saturday—will be the contest for the Leading Juvenile Jumper of the Show.

On Friday Pat Smythe, one of the greatest horsewomen of the world, will be telling her story. She will talk about her own experiences with horses and riding, and describe the hard training and discipline that go to make the perfect partnership of animal and rider.

Painting Aloud

PETER SCOTT, the famous bird artist, will be taking part in a rather novel TV programme on Thursday called Painting Aloud.

He will begin with a blank canvas and a collection of oil paints. Then, talking about what he is doing all the time, he will paint one of his famous bird pictures in half an hour!

Merry meeting



Hampe the famous European clown meets Hampe the puppet. The model was made by 55-year-old Dick Giles, of Wokingham, who spends his spare time in making puppets.

Tudor roses

ON Children's TV on October 14 (repeated on October 17) there is a play about Elizabeth I, called *Roses for the Queen*. It is all about a young boy who comes to London to present the Queen with a bouquet of twenty roses (in payment for the lands his family own).

In the palace he comes across a spy of the King of Spain and things get really exciting. I will leave you to find out what happens.

Lorry driving champions

COULD you drive a lorry? Well, on Saturday afternoon you can see how the experts do it. The TV cameras will be focused on some of the cleverest drivers in the country, who will be competing for the title Lorry Driver of the Year.

They will be twisting, turning, and backing their enormous vehicles to a matter of inches.

Lesson in verse-speaking

YOU may or may not be studying Shakespeare's lovely play *Romeo and Juliet* at school. But in either case you will get a lot of enjoyment, and learn much about the difficult art of verse-speaking, if you listen to the play on October 11.

This is a recorded repeat of the performance given in the

World Theatre series, last January, with Peggy Ashcroft as Juliet, Tony Britton as Romeo, and Marius Goring as Chorus.

In the bad old days

ON Saturday Children's TV is showing another of Lotte Reiniger's silhouette films, *The Little Chimney Sweep*, a story about the days when small boys were pushed up chimneys to clean them.

Lotte Reiniger is considered one of the greatest exponents of the cartoon-film. She cuts all her figures out of lead which, she says, helps to give her pictures an almost three-dimensional effect.

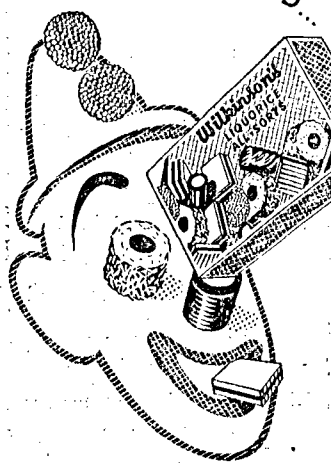
Priestley on Fielding

THIS week the BBC are putting out a number of programmes concerning Henry Fielding, whom Sir Walter Scott once described as "the father of the English novel." He died 200 years ago this week.

Perhaps the most interesting programme, from the young person's point of view, will be broadcast in the Home Service on Friday, when J. B. Priestley will not only talk about the life of this great author but assess his influence on modern fiction.

See page 7

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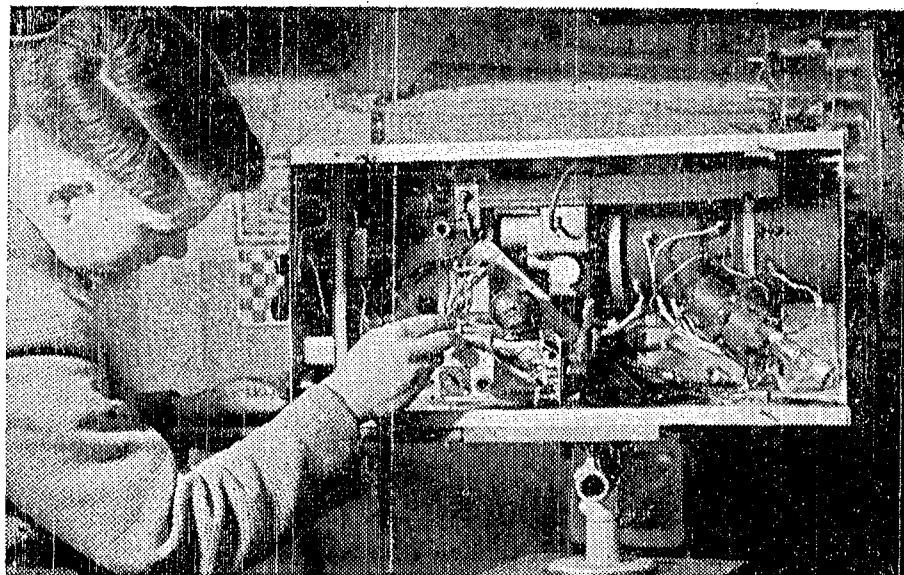
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HE HAS HIS OWN TV STATION



Jeremy, with microphone and monitor screen, in control of a programme



Making adjustments to his TV camera before a programme



Jeremy's programmes are shown on the family set by means of a convertor

PICTURED on this page is the only privately owned and regularly operated T V station in Britain—G2WJ-T at Great Canfield, near Dunmow in Essex. The operator is Jeremy Royle, a National Serviceman.

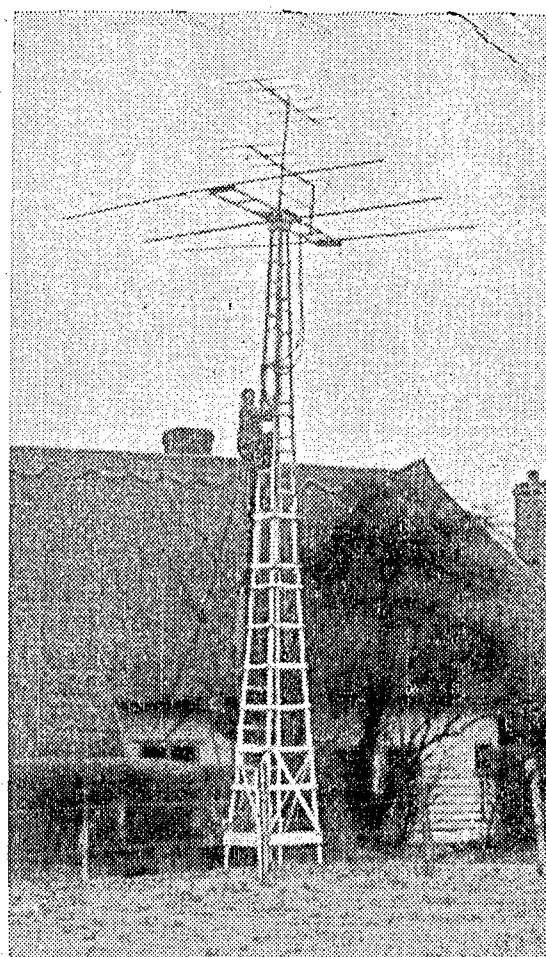
Jeremy built his own television receiver before he was 15, and last year began his ambitious scheme of making a TV camera and starting a complete private transmission station. Encouraged and assisted by his father, he assembled his equipment, buying a lens for a few shillings and acquiring other parts at sales.

REGULAR SERVICE

Now programmes are sent out regularly from his station over an allotted frequency from two 40-foot aerials in the garden. The transmissions are picked up 30 miles away.

Most of Jeremy's programmes are concerned with the family and pets. A convertor unit enables them to be shown to friends on a normal set in the house.

Few young men can claim a more scientific hobby than Jeremy's. His triumphant production of amateur TV transmission is the result of expert knowledge and skill.



Going up aloft. Jeremy climbs to the top of one of the 40-foot transmitting aerials which he has erected in the garden of his Essex home—Hayden's End, Great Canfield, near Dunmow.



Don't be camera-shy! Jeremy televises father and mother with the family dog

Children's Newspaper

John Carpenter House
Whitefriars . London . EC 4
OCTOBER 9 1954

'T WAS EVER THUS

WE often hear people expressing the opinion that "Children are not what they were in my young days. They won't do as they are told."

We suspect that much the same thing has been said of children from time immemorial. This theory is supported by one of the oldest pieces of writing in the world—a 6000-year-old papyrus on which a scribe wrote these words:

"Times are not what they used to be. Everyone wants to write a book, and children are no longer obedient to their parents."

The conclusion is that children are not what they were—and that they never were.

DOCTORS IN THE MAKING

A FEW years ago Britain was desperately short of doctors. Today, says the Medical Practices Committee, the number is reaching saturation point and within a short while newly-qualified doctors may be queuing for jobs.

Young people who have set their minds on serving mankind through Medicine will not be deterred by increased competition.

At the same time those who have yet to decide on their future career would do well to reflect on the age-old question of supply and demand.

JUST AN IDEA

As John Ruskin wrote: At every moment of our lives we should be trying to find out, not in what we differ with other people, but in what we agree with them.



Under the Editor's Table

PETER PUCK
WANTS TO
KNOW

If sculptors
carve out
their careers

THE BOY WHO JOINED IN THE GAME

AN interesting story of the boyhood of an England cricket player was told the other day by Mr. R. Crossland, deputy headmaster of the High Pavement School, Nottingham.

He recollected that some years ago, during a game of cricket on the sands at a Lincolnshire seaside resort, a small boy joined his party, and fielded without being asked. After a while the boy was asked if he would like to bat.

"That was at eleven o'clock in the morning," said Mr. Crossland. "He was still in at one o'clock, and we had bowled everything at him."

"His name was Reg. Simpson. He had just started at the High School, had every stroke in the book, and he has had them ever since."

Thirty Years Ago

From the Children's Newspaper,
October 11, 1924

THERE is a Baltic legend, famous in German poetry—Heine himself has sung of it—of a lost city sunk by a storm or an earthquake to the bottom of the sea. Now a diver is said to have found it.

He asserts that he saw the remains of immense stone walls. So the romantic are sure that this must be the lost Vineta of the poets, whose bells, fishermen say, can still be heard on a calm night.

Unhappily, the position of these immense stone walls is not what would be expected from what is known of the real Vineta.

A Danish warship was found off Arkona, on Rügen, the most northerly of the islands round the mouth of the Oder, but the historic Vineta was on Wollin, the most easterly island, 100 miles away. The legendary earthquake can hardly have carried it so far as that!

DUTY DEFINED

DUTY is a power which rises with us in the morning, and goes to rest with us at night. It is co-extensive with the action of our intelligence. It is the shadow which cleaves us to go where we will, and which only leaves us when we leave the light of life.

W. E. Gladstone

The Editor's Table

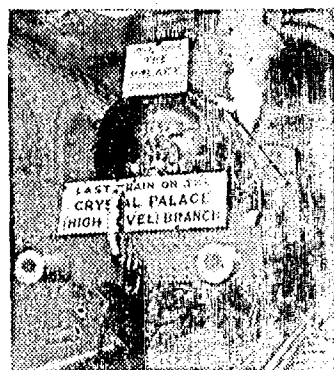
His thanksgiving

NOW is the time of Harvest Festivals, and they remind a C.N. reader of the story of the small boy who was attending his first Harvest Thanksgiving Service.

All through the proceedings his eyes were, focused on the pulpit, and when the time for the collection came round, he put his penny into the plate and shyly whispered to the server:

"The black grapes up there, please."

Last of the line



This engine is pulling the last train out of Crystal Palace High Level Station on its way to Nunhead. The line has now been closed, and on the train's last run railway employees autographed expired season tickets as souvenirs.

Chicken ahoy!

ON a farm at Chedburgh in Suffolk a new life seemed to open for a 12-week-old chicken; it was taken from its elders, who were ill-treating it, and sent to live with a pair of kindly ducks.

It was quite happy until the foster parents suddenly waddled into a pond and swam away, leaving it standing all forlorn on the bank!

Chickens do not usually swim, but this one made the plunge and succeeded. Now it goes swimming regularly, and when it gets tired, it gets on a duck's back and, unlike water, manages to stay on.

The moral is that you never know what you can do until you try.

Think on These Things

ONE day when Jesus was in the temple He watched the people putting their gifts into the treasury. Among them He saw a widow, and her offering was two mites. Jesus called His disciples and told them that the poor widow had given more than all the others. When the rich made their gifts, they had plenty of money left, but the widow gave her all. "For all they did cast in of their abundance; but she of her want did cast in all that she had, even all her living" (St. Mark 12. 44).

Christian giving has to be like that. There can be nothing grudging about it. Jesus gave all for us. So we must be prepared cheerfully to give all for Him

AN APPEAL TO EVERY LEONARD

SPLENDID new schools and shops are being built for the growing population of the new Sussex town of Crawley; but people cannot live a full life without worship, and Len Hutton is calling upon everyone else named Leonard to help pay for the new Church of St. Leonards, Crawley.

It will stand in what used to be the little village of Ifield where the local cricket club recently celebrated its 150th birthday.

But soon this "village" will have a population of 17,000, and by an odd coincidence the church will cost £17,000 to build.

"I ask all Leonards in the country to adopt this church as their own," says England's Test skipper. "Their help is badly needed."

And every little helps!

Back where it belongs

A PARCEL arrived by post recently at the birthplace of John Quincy Adams (sixth President of the United States) at Quincy in Massachusetts.

In it was a small blue teacup, with an anonymous note that stated: "This little cup was taken from the John Quincy Adams birthplace and museum forty years ago. It has come into my possession and I wish to return it to its rightful place."

A pleasing little case of a good deed done by stealth!

Jubilee of the cornet

THE ice-cream cornet is 50 years old. It is believed to have begun its smile-spreading career at the St. Louis Fair in America in 1904, and the event is being celebrated by American manufacturers at a trade convention this month.

One version of its origin is that a person who found some ice-cream melting in his hand wrapped it in a waffle (a kind of small pancake) which he had also bought, and ate both together. His example was followed and that, according to the legend, is how the great cone idea was born.

THEY SAY . . .

THIS is the most unheard of thing I have ever heard of.
Senator McCarthy

WHEN better lighting was installed in one large factory, the number of aspirins bought at the canteen dropped from 1000 to 600 tablets a month.

Mr. J. I. Bernard, of the
Electrical Development Association

BEING a Yorkshireman, I never, of course, eat Yorkshire pudding outside Yorkshire.

Sir Harry Brittain

THOSE who want to have knowledge have to sweat for it.

Professor R. D. Waller
of Manchester University

THERE are too many glum faces. Fifteen muscles can make a smile, but it takes 50 muscles to make a frown . . . Don't wear yourself out!

Rev. Frank Haughton
of Kirkintilloch

THERE is no such thing as a typical Frenchman. Certainly he is not the man with the twirly black moustache and a twinkle in his eye, as portrayed on the English music hall.

The French Consul-
General in Liverpool

I THINK if I had to choose my career again I would once more choose nursing for there is nothing more satisfying than seeing a poor patient get better.

Miss H. Knight, former
matron at Warwick Hospital

Out and About

THE Michaelmas daisies which are now making a welcome show in our gardens and parks attract some interesting insects.

The last of the season's splendid Red Admiral butterflies can often be seen sipping at these flowers just now if the weather is kind.

This is the time, too, when pale moths are seen in the dusk; but rather more coloured and likely to be seen now are the Silver-Y and the Golden-Y.

The Silver-Y is fond of the Michaelmas daisies, and the small Y mark on each of the forewings is plainer than in the delicately marked brown of the Golden-Y. C. D. D.



OUR HOMELAND

Old timbered houses
at Cobham, Surrey

FATHER OF THE ENGLISH NOVEL

HENRY FIELDING, who died on October 8 just 200 years ago, is one of the most outstanding figures in the story of English literature. Indeed, Sir Walter Scott described him as the Father of the English Novel.

Henry Fielding's father was a General, descended from the nobility, and after private tuition Henry was duly sent to Eton.

Later he went to Leyden University, but his father's fortunes were then at a low ebb; and soon after he returned to England, Henry took to writing comedies and farces for the stage. Some of them were produced at Drury Lane.

In 1734, when he was 27, he married Charlotte Cradock, a beautiful



Henry Fielding

Wiltshire girl, and he settled down to live in Dorset as a country gentleman, mainly on his wife's fortune of £1500.

As always, he was extravagant, and when funds were low he returned to London and took the Little Theatre in the Haymarket.

CENSORSHIP BEGINS

Several of his earlier plays had been popular, and now he had two more successes. But, in those days, plays were often used to voice political grievances, and Fielding found his new successes costly ones, for they attacked the ministry, of Sir Robert Walpole. The result was the power given to the Lord Chamberlain to veto the performance of plays that were officially disapproved, a form of censorship that has persisted ever since, and been much criticised. The immediate result was the closing down of Fielding's theatre.

Undaunted, Fielding studied law and became a barrister, and then went on writing. During his struggle for a living his beloved wife died, and for a time he was prostrated. Thereafter, though his tremendous energy made him an

influential Westminster magistrate as well as a famous novelist, his health suffered more and more.

Some writers said it was gout, others that it was dropsy which led to his early death, and attributed it to his over-fondness for wine; but it is likely that he suffered from some ailment that the doctors of his time could not treat properly.

Henry Fielding's first novel, *Joseph Andrews*, which contains the famous character of Parson Adams, was intended to make fun of Samuel Richardson's *Pamela*, but the author's genius for bringing characters to life and describing vivid scenes turned it into something more valuable.

AMELIA AND TOM JONES

Besides the ironic *History* (really a kind of fable) of the *Life of the late Mr. Jonathan Wild the Great*, his other two important novels were *Amelia*, and *Tom Jones* which is his most popular work and still widely read.

Amelia is an idealised picture of his first wife—he married her maid some years after her death, and she devotedly looked after their children.

These novels are really for adult readers, but they contain fierce exposures of the evils of the times, the inefficient and corrupt courts, the misery, the vice, and crime in the great city, and the follies and wickedness as well as the finest virtues of human beings.

Still working hard, Fielding, in a last effort to improve his failing health, decided to take a sea voyage to Lisbon, and kept the vivid *Journal of the trip*. It is one of the best books in which to make real acquaintance with this humorous and compassionate writer. He got worse while still in Lisbon, and died there on October 8, 1754.

PRIZES FOR STAMP COLLECTORS

Stamp collectors will welcome a competition to show how much they have learned from their hobby. They are invited to send in not more than nine album pages displaying how stamps (not necessarily rare ones) illustrate one particular subject.

For example, an entry might well illustrate the story of aviation from the pioneer days to the modern jet airliner; another might show the life of the Indian Ocean in full colour—with pride of place given to the Comoro Islands stamp portraying the Coelacanth, the prehistoric fish.

The competition is being run by the Philatelic Traders' Society and Junior Philatelic Society. It is in three classes—the first for children under 14, the second for those between 14 and 21, and the third for adults.

There is no entry fee and the winner in each class will receive a

silver trophy. The best 20 entries in each class will be shown at the National Stamp Exhibition in London next January.

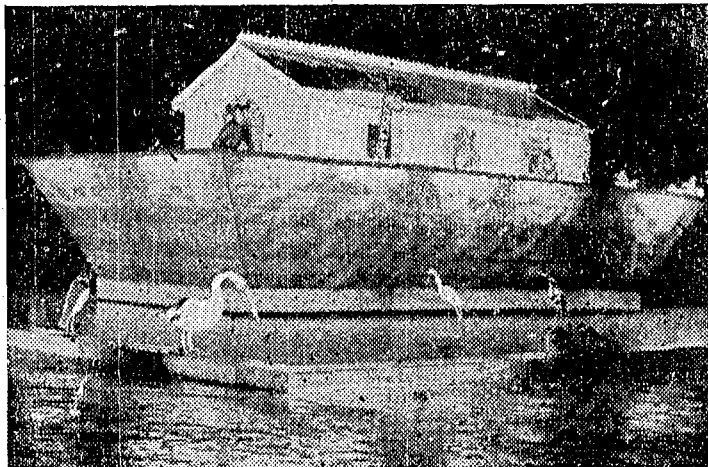
Entry forms (for which a stamped, addressed envelope should be sent) can be obtained from The Secretary, Philatelic Traders' Society, 2 Clement's Inn, Strand, London, W.C.2. They should be returned, completed, to that address not later than October 22.

SAVED BY AN ELEPHANT

An elephant saved a boy's life during the heavy floods in the Nagpur district of India. An animal trainer saw the boy being carried away in a swift current and sent the elephant to the rescue.

The animal obediently waded into the water, twisted its trunk around the boy's waist, and then lifted him to dry land clear of the swirling floods.

Lights up in Lancashire



A huge Noah's Ark floating on a flood of light at Morecambe

Once again many of our coastal towns are a wonderland of flashing colour. To Blackpool, Morecambe, Southend, and many other seaside resorts will come millions of sightseers from all over the country to see these dazzling displays of the electricians' magic.

Some idea of the tremendous amount of work involved can be judged from the fact that the Blackpool illuminations required some 75 miles of cable, and wiring, 50 miles of festoon strip lighting, and 325,000 lamps—at a total cost of £400,000.

The biggest tableau at Blackpool—a gala day in an English village—is 650 feet long.

CRYING THE NECK IN CORNWALL

Happy were the songs and thankful were the hymns which made the rafters ring at a harvest-home supper recently at Tremough Barton farm near Penryn, in Cornwall. Farmers, their families, and employees, had come from many neighbouring farms, and there were 27 Danish Young Farmers, who had been touring Cornish farms for a week as guests of Falmouth and District Young Farmers' Clubs.

It was a specially happy occasion for 18-year-old Oliver Dale, for he led in the revival of an ancient harvest custom known as *Crying the Neck*.

LAST CUT OF CORN

No one knows how old this is, but it is probably prehistoric. In Cornwall it took the form of a competition among mowers in adjacent fields of corn to see who could finish first. The mower who reached the last cut of corn first would grasp it and hold it aloft, crying "I have it!" at which all the others would shout: "What have 'ee?"

The answering cry would be "The neck, the neck, the neck!" and then the sheaf would be borne in procession to the barn. There it was tied to one of the rafters, and the grain from it would be used as "foundation seed" at the next sowing.

There is little doubt that *Crying the Neck* had a twofold meaning. It symbolised the ingathering of harvest and its assurance of safety from hunger, and it reminded everyone of the fertility of seed, which would endure through winter and ensure the continuation of life.

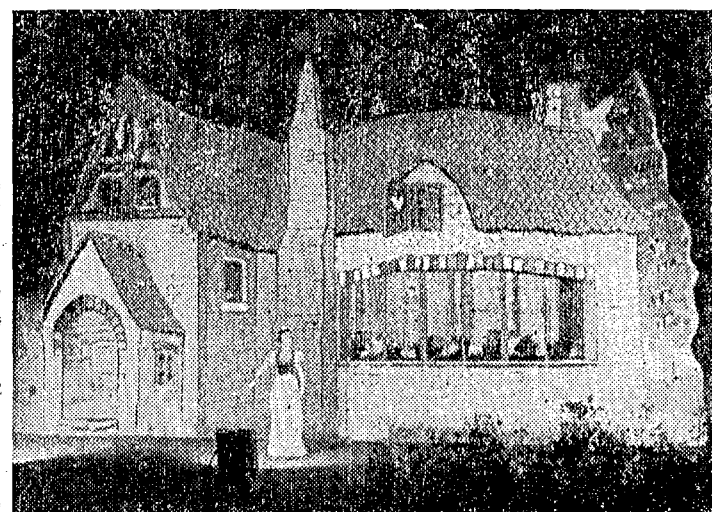
OLD CUSTOM, MODERN METHOD

At Tremough Barton the last sheaf was cut in the modern way, by reaper-binder and not by a scythe, yet the enthusiasm of all who were present showed the abiding interest in an old custom which was in danger of dying. It was, indeed, more than a quaint revival, for it proved that men realise that they do not live by machinery alone.

Oliver and his brother Howard will soon be joining their father, Mr. T. Dudley Dale, on the farm at Tremough Barton.



One of the features of Blackpool's illuminations



Snow White at the door of her fairy-tale home—a wonder in colour at Happy Mount Park in Morecambe

LONDON SCHOOL'S NEW PLAYING FIELDS

The L.C.C. is going in for new school playing fields in a big way. For many years the problem of sufficient playing space in London's huge built-up area has been a pressing one, and the Council is to solve it by acquiring 1800 acres of new fields outside the L.C.C. boundary.

Boys and girls will travel to them by rail or coach, and no journey will take more than 45 minutes, leaving at least one-and-a-half hours for games during a half-day period.

The first of the new fields, at Morden Park in Surrey, is to be completed next May at a cost of £154,000. Its 80 acres will provide games space for 8000 players every week. There will be four pavilions,

23 Rugby and Association football pitches, nine hockey pitches, 15 cricket tables, 16 concrete cricket wickets, 20 hard tennis courts over-marked for netball, four long and four high jump sand pits, five rounders pitches, and facilities for athletics.

Among other new fields now being developed is one of 60 acres at Fairlop in Essex and another of 54 acres at Barn Elms Park beside the Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race course.

Each of the larger fields will be supervised by a resident superintendent who will have the status of a headmaster.

These fine new grounds will set open spaces in London free for the use of primary schools.

CRUISING DOWN THE RIVER

More than 13,000 schoolchildren were among the 23,000 passengers who this year have cruised down the Thames from Tower Pier to visit the London Docks.

One of them was a stowaway, an enterprising four-year-old boy who came by himself on the Underground from Camden Town to Tower Hill. He was discovered at the Royal Docks when he was trying to step from one launch to another. One of the crew caught him by the shirt and it was then found that he was on his own.

He was hauled before the Captain, and spent the rest of the trip eating cakes in charge of a steward. Finally he was taken home in the back of a police car.

The children on these cruises came from places as far afield as the Channel Islands and Northern Ireland. On one trip sailors in a big cargo liner threw bananas to the young river passengers.

The cruises were run by the Port of London Authority, and special ones were arranged for important people, who included Cabinet ministers and directors of overseas port authorities.

ANNUAL GOOD DEED

Fifteen sets of lawn bowls are included in the 134 cases of comforts sent by New Zealanders to the 700 Pacific Islands lepers who live on the small island of Makogai, in the Colony of Fiji. This is an annual good deed which the Lepers' Trust Board of New Zealand sees to on behalf of sympathisers throughout the Dominion.

The lepers, who come from all the islands of the South Pacific and are of all ages, take part in all outdoor sports under the guidance of the hospital staff.

The Lepers' Trust Board has plans for providing four small ships in which doctors and nurses can visit islands of the Solomons and New Hebrides archipelagos to treat new cases of leprosy.

Steps to Sporting Fame



The ambition of footballers is to play at Wembley Stadium. Johnny Haynes, brilliant Fulham inside-left, played there at 14 and will almost certainly play there many more times.



He was at Wembley in 1950 and the Edmonton-born lad figured prominently in England's schoolboys' 8-2 defeat of the Scots. Barely 5 feet high in those days, he was soon taken under Fulham's wing. They gave him a messenger boy's job.



Starting in the junior team, Johnny's progress was swift. By the 1953-4 season he had made his place secure in the League eleven. In the closing weeks of his first campaign he played twice for England "B" and once for the Football League.



Already this season Johnny has played for the Football League, and his display earned him selection for England's team against Ireland. With it all, Johnny remains modest. He says he likes to sit around listening to others, learning all the time.

HORNBLOWER RETIRES

Mr. Tom Hawley, now nearly 80, has resigned from the post of Hornblower in the ancient city of Ripon. For 15 years Mr. Hawley had gone into the market place at nine every night and sounded the horn at each of the four corners of the obelisk there, and then sounded it again outside the Mayor's house.

The horn now used is an African buffalo horn, and it can sometimes be heard at a distance of two miles. The custom dates from King Alfred's days when the Wakeman, or Watchman, as the city's chief citizen used to be called, was responsible for appointing the town watch to patrol the streets at night, and the horn was sounded to call the men together.

The city's sergeant-at-mace, on ceremonial occasions, wears a huge ornamental baldric, or belt, on which is carried a wild ox horn dating to A.D. 883, the year of Alfred's reign when the city received its charter. This 1100-year-old original wakeman's horn is shown to the citizens on at least five "horn days" each year.

BRASS FLOWERS FOR BRIGHTER STATIONS

North-east Region of British Railways are experimenting with artificial flowers made of brass-foil; a thin metallic substance which can be worked into a variety of floral designs. Hanging baskets of metallic geraniums, lobelia, and nasturtiums, painted with special smoke-resisting, non-cracking paint, are said to be just like the real thing in appearance. They have the additional advantage that they can be taken down at the end of the summer season and washed clean before being put away for another year.

The stations selected for experiment include Leeds Central; Bradford Exchange; Wakefield; and Halifax.

LINKING BEDFORD WITH THE SEA

A thousand years ago the enterprising Norsemen rowed their dragon ships along the River Ouse as far inland as the Saxon stronghold of Bedford. That they would find such navigation impossible today is due to the fact that for the past 50 years Nature has virtually sealed Bedford from the sea with a barrier of weeds and decaying locks.

It all began half-a-century ago when the Ouse ceased to be an important commercial waterway. People sighed; blamed the railways; bade farewell to the familiar traffic of flat-bottomed barges carrying their cargoes of timber, coal, and corn; and allowed the lock-gates to rot away and the

river to fall into the clutch of reed and rush.

But a happier chapter is being added to this sorry tale. At a public meeting in Bedford three years ago local river-lovers formed the River Ouse Restoration Society which is dedicated to re-opening the waterway for navigation, thus continuing the work started by the Ouse Catchment Board before the last war.

Now an eight-mile stretch of water has been opened between Bedford and the sea, and already the River Board has approved a sum of £4300 to be spent on putting locks at Blunham in working order. The total cost of the Society's scheme is put at £77,000 but the benefits it would bring are not merely those of amenities to boatmen and naturalists.

The restoration of one set of locks would enable them to be used to assist in controlling flood levels—of paramount importance to Fenlanders. In addition, any restoration of levels will be welcomed by farmers as an improvement to the grazing of meadow land adjoining the river.

For young people, however, the lure of the open boat and unlimited horizons will provide the main attraction, and many will try to equal the feat of a Mr. John Chetham who did the 73-mile journey from Bedford to King's Lynn in 18 hours. Yet that is not the fastest time on record for in 1939 two canoeists set up the remarkable figure of 14½ hours. Any future aspirants for the unofficial championship will not have to lose time and tempers in land-detours around locks and in hacking a path through bulrushes—that is, if the Restoration Society has its way.

HOLIDAY TO CHEER

The boys and girls of Salford, Lancs, are very disappointed that the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh can only spare a few minutes to visit their City on Friday, October 22. However, a whole day's holiday to celebrate the occasion has been announced, and the route will be lined with thousands of children giving a truly royal welcome to their visitors.

BANANA BOOM

Good news for banana lovers comes from Kingston, Jamaica, where many small sugar-cane farmers are ploughing up their canefields and planting bananas instead.

The farmers feel that there is an endless demand for bananas and that they are a safer investment than sugar.

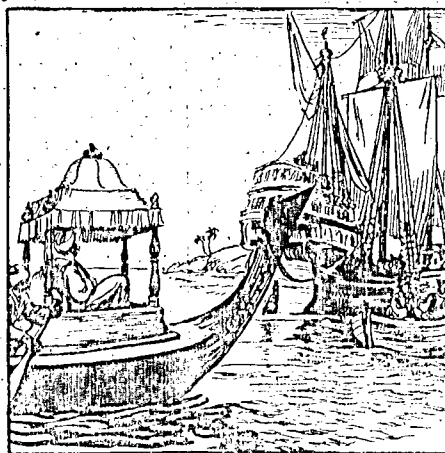
ELIZABETHAN SEA-DOG—new picture-story of the adventures of Sir Francis Drake (9)



To the embarrassment of Drake and his men the Indians worshipped them as gods. They signed to the Captain to be seated and, after singing and dancing, placed a feather crown on his head. The sailors held a Christian service, and the natives were much impressed, but they continued to treat the visitors as gods. The Englishmen stayed for a month among these strange people while they repaired their ship.



When the "white gods" prepared to leave, the Indians wept and wrung their hands. As the Golden Hind sailed out to sea, her crew saw crowds of natives lighting fires on the hills ashore, perhaps as farewell signals. Drake had charts from a captured Spanish ship as a guide of sorts for his perilous Pacific voyage. But 68 days passed before they saw land. Then they reached some islands, probably the Pelew group.



They sailed on to Ternate in the Moluccas. Here the Sultan, hearing they were foes of the Portuguese with whom he was at war, received them in state. War canoes towed the Golden Hind into the harbour. The Sultan, in his own canoe, was drawn behind the ship, and he sat listening to Drake's band which, at his request, had been put in a small boat beside him. A magnificent reception ashore followed.



After concluding an important treaty with the Sultan, and buying six tons of spice, Drake sailed on. In the intricate passages of the Celebes Islands the ship went aground on a reef, and they were unable to pull her off with an anchor. They threw cannon and tons of spice overboard to lighten her, but she stuck fast. Believing she must soon break up, the 58 adventurers assembled to receive the sacrament from the chaplain.

Can the Golden Hind's little company hope to escape from the reef's grip? See next week's instalment.

Thrilling serial of adventure in Greece

THE ISLAND OF THE GODS

by Geoffrey Trease

Holly Blake's father, a school-master, has a sketch-map which he thinks is a clue to the lost shrine of Theonesos, the ancient Greek Island of the Gods. With John Stevens and his mother, an expert archaeologist, the Blakes set out to test their theory. In Venice, John wakes up to find someone in his room.

4. Midnight intruder

JOHN stood there in the semi-darkness, the gym shoe poised in his hand.

It was not Holly making a raid from her bedroom next door. It was not Mr. Blake, undressing without a light so as not to disturb John.

It was a stranger. Somehow the boy was sure of that, though he could see no more than the vaguest shape against the window.

Suddenly John felt scared. Suppose the intruder had a knife, and used it? He stepped back towards the door. He might want to get out in a hurry.

As his hand went to the door-knob it brushed against the key with its big metal number tag dangling from the lock. That gave him an idea. The best plan of all was to fling open the door and, before the stranger could do anything, lock him in the room and shout for help.

Call for help

If John had not been newly wakened from a very sound sleep, he might have remembered one or two drawbacks to this scheme.

As it was, he drew out the key with the utmost care. Then, taking a deep breath, he pulled open the door, hurled himself out into the corridor, thrust the key back into the lock, and turned it.

"Help!" he yelled. "Help! Burglars! Thieves!"

It was some moments before any of the other doors in the dimly-lit corridor were opened. At last one or two curious heads

peeped out, but no one seemed in a hurry to come to the rescue.

John felt rather foolish standing there. He heard the click of a switch inside the room he had just left, and saw a thin line of light appear beneath the door. Now the thief was rattling the doorknob in helpless fury.

"Help, someone!" John yelled impatiently. "Get the police!"

Still nobody came to his aid. At least, he thought, Holly might have turned out! Was that lump of a girl sleeping through all this racket? He took a few steps along the corridor and banged on her door.

"Holly! Come out! It's quite safe here!"

Holly could run down to the hotel porter while John kept watch on the prisoner. But Holly still made no sound, and no light shone beneath her door.

No answer from Holly

John turned the knob, but the door stayed shut. Then he remembered. When the grown-ups went out for their late-night stroll, Holly had asked her mother to lock the door and take the key down to the porter until they came in again. So, for the moment, Holly was locked in.

But what had happened to her? There was no answer to John's knocks and shouts.

"What is the matter?"

A Frenchman in a vivid dressing-gown appeared suddenly at John's elbow. A tousled youth, a crop-headed American soldier, a clergyman without his collar, a lady in hair-curlers clutching a tiny pistol, were crowded behind him.

"There's a man in my room, sir—"

"It does not sound like a man!"

"But I saw him!"

"Unlock this door, please," said the Frenchman sharply. "There are plenty of us."

John obediently turned the key.

The door opened—and there stood Holly in her pyjamas. She was already pink with exertion. She went some shades pinker when she saw the crowd in front of her.

"Is this a joke?" demanded the Frenchman.

"Say, you kids shouldn't be playin' around at this time o' night," said the American soldier.

"You should show more consideration for people who are trying to sleep," said the parson severely.

"Disgraceful! I shall complain to the manager," said the lady with the pistol, flouncing back to her own room.

Holly also saw him

"But we weren't playing!" protested John. "There was a man in my room. He was over in that corner, where my clothes are, on that chair!"

"You don't say?" drawled the American.

"There was a man," cried Holly. "I saw him."

"You saw him?" echoed John.

"Yes! I woke up when I heard you yelling. I knew I couldn't get out by my door, 'cos mummy had taken the key. So I came straight along the balcony—"

"I'd forgotten the balcony," John groaned.

"Someone rushed past me. I went in to find you, and you weren't there, and your door was locked on the outside, too—"

"Anything missing?" asked the American.

John stepped over to the chair on which his clothes were, and slipped a hand into the inside pocket of his jacket.

"My wallet's gone!"

"Much in it?"

"I should jolly well say so!" cried John furiously. "A ten-bob note, another ten bob's worth of Italian money, some stamps, two picture postcards I'd only just bought—"

Parents arrive

"Too bad," said the American, who seemed friendly.

"Are you sure you didn't imagine all this?" said the parson suspiciously. "You haven't just dropped that wallet somewhere?" He frowned at Holly. "I admire your loyalty to your brother, but the truth is more important, you know—"

"He's not my brother," said Holly indignantly, "and I am speaking the truth. I'm sure I saw a man on the balcony. But I can't tell you what he was like."

At that moment the Blakes and Dr. Stevens came along the corridor and were amazed to find their respective children arguing with a knot of complete strangers.

"You know what?" said the American, when the first explanations were over. "I guess it was your wallet he was after, sir—"

"Mine?" said Mr. Blake.

"Sure. He marked you down and got your room number. He didn't realise you were sharing with the kid. He thought you'd gone to bed—in the dark he thought it was your jacket over the chair. My," said the American, smiling, "I'll say that thief is a mighty disappointed man right

Continued on page 11



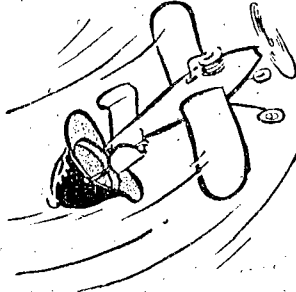
"Dad's in..."



trouble again!



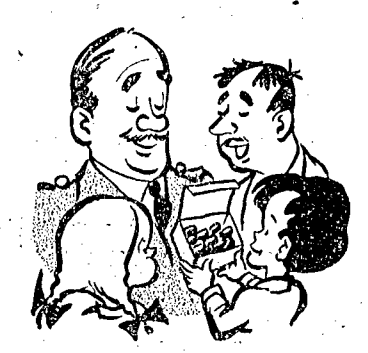
Let's...



rescue...



him with...



SILMOS LOLLIES!"

Everyone loves—



SUCH LUSCIOUS FLAVOURS!

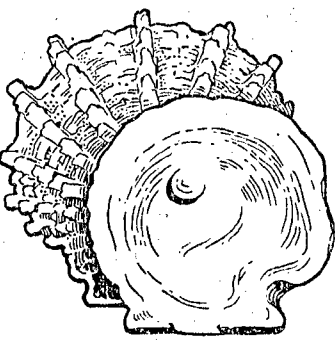
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Mother-of-Pearl

MANY beautiful things are fashioned from mother-of-pearl, the hard brilliant substance obtained from the pearl oyster.



The shell of the oyster has three main layers, the inner mantle or skin forming the mother-of-pearl, or nacre, as it is also known. The substance is the same as that of which a pearl consists, a pearl being a mass of it instead of a layer.

It is built up of minute crystals that grow together and form thin plates of nacre. Over a period of time the process is continued with other successive layers joining over the surface.

Large numbers of pearl oysters with thick layers of mother-of-pearl are found in the Indian ocean.

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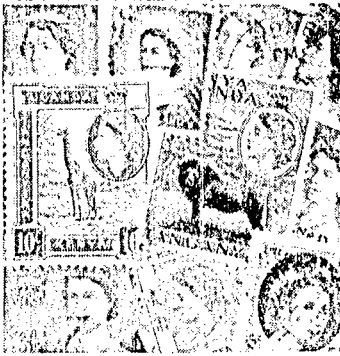
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SPORTS SHORTS

THE Varsity boat race course from Putney to Mortlake (4½ miles) is considered to be one of the toughest in the world. But the other day an Oxford eight raced over a ten-mile course on the Goeta River, near Gothenburg. They won in 1 hour 2 minutes 29.2 seconds, finishing almost a minute in front.

SONNY ROST, one of the most popular Canadians in British ice hockey, has been appointed player-coach to Wembley Lions. He first came to this country in 1934 and appeared in the opening match at the Empire Pool, as a member of the Wembley team.

JANET HIGGS, 10-year-old Twickenham schoolgirl, was the youngest competitor—and one of the smallest—at last month's National Swimming Championships at Blackpool. Wee Janet finished sixth in the girl's spring-board diving championship. She took up diving at the age of seven, and last year became the youngest competitor ever to earn the silver medal of the Amateur Swimming Association. The winner of the girls' National title was Ann Woods, a 15-year-old schoolgirl from Isleworth.

ON Saturday 20 runners from some of the country's best athletic clubs will start from Palace Yard, Westminster, on the first stage of the London-to-Brighton relay.

THE M.C.C. tourists begin their Australian fixtures next Monday, when they play a two-day match against a West Australian County XI at Bunbury.

GEOFFREY BAXTER, a 16-year-old swimmer from Gloucester, is one of the outstanding successes of the 1954 season. At the National Championships last month he recorded a brilliant double, winning both the boys' and the senior 110 yards free-style events. Young Geoff, who represented Britain at the European Games this year, recently helped England retain the Bologna Trophy against Wales and Scotland.

NEW BOOKS ABOUT SPORT

IN Soccer the Lawton Way (Nicholas Kaye, 10s. 6d.) one of the greatest centre-forwards of all time deals with all the arts of the game, illustrating his points with diagrams, drawings, and action photographs.

Tommy Lawton also has chapters on training, tactics, captaincy, and the part each player has to take, ending with his conclusions about this year's World Cup matches.

ANOTHER book by a great international footballer is Gil Merrick's I See it All (Museum Press, 9s. 6d.).

Gilbert Merrick, who is also a games master, has many interesting tales to tell about the grounds and countries in which he has played, and players he has met. But probably of most value to

IN an effort to further improve the high standard of badminton in this country, the Badminton Association and the Central Council of Physical Recreation recently held a course for coaches at Huntercombe, near Henley-on-Thames. This weekend another course will be held for Northern coaches at Harrogate. "Pupils" at these two courses will act as instructors to other coaches in their own local areas.

SUSSEX County Cricket Club will next season have their third captain in three years, for Robin



Robin Marlar

the Duke of Norfolk at Arundel.

DON MACMILLAN, the Australian Olympic and Empire Games miler, has returned to his own country, leaving many sad youngsters behind him. During his two years in England, he has been teaching in Hornchurch, Essex, and under his coaching his boys won the county schools cross-country championship. He also took over the captaincy of the Hornchurch Harriers and did much to develop this newly-formed club.

WHEN those two famous Rugby clubs Harlequins and Cardiff meet next Tuesday at the White City, London, the game will be played under floodlight. This will be the first Rugby match ever played under these conditions.

AFTER their match against Hungary in Budapest the Britain and Northern Ireland women's athletic team visit Czechoslovakia this week for a two-day meeting in Prague.



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ELEPHANT!!!**

These three lovely zoological stamps, from **PORTUGUESE WEST AFRICA**, printed in **FULL NATURAL COLOURS**, are offered to you **COMPLETELY FREE!** All you have to do is to send a 2½d. stamp and ask to see Approvals.

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THE ISLAND OF THE GODS

Continued from page 9

now. He figured on a man-sized wallet—and all he's gotten is this poor kid's pocket money."

"I still think the whole story is most remarkable," said the clergyman, "but at least I hope we shall not be disturbed by any more pranks tonight." And with a very doubtful glance at the two children, he retired to his room.

"Don't worry," said the American soldier. "I believe you. Venice is a queer joint. Most anything can happen here. And most anything does. I'm in Number 24 if there's any more excitement."

But there was no more trouble that night, and, once the children got off to sleep again, they knew nothing until they woke up to vivid sunlight. The maid had brought in two great breakfast trays, and they all had their coffee and rolls together on the balcony overlooking the canal.

"We're going to the cathedral and the Doge's Palace this morning," said Mr. Blake.

As they handed in their keys

downstairs, the porter called to John.

"I think this is yours, signor? It was picked up just outside the hotel—and it has your name—"

It was the wallet.

"I expect the money's gone," said Mr. Blake.

But no, both the Italian and the English money were still there. So were the stamps, the postcards, and various other treasures.

"All present and correct?" said Dr. Stevens. "You're lucky, John."

John nodded, but he wore a thoughtful expression. It was not until they were exploring the cathedral that he got a word with Holly alone.

"It's jolly queer," he whispered. "There's just one thing missing from my wallet—I didn't tell the others, 'cos they didn't know I even had it."

"What was it?" asked the girl.

"The map—the map of the Island of the Gods!"

To be continued

TIN-OPENER TRIBE GETS BUSY

Far away in the Pacific a whole tribe has been resettled from Ocean Island to Rambi Island, 1000 miles away near Fiji. In the process the tribe, called Banabans, have changed from an easy-going people to the busiest of workers.

Before the Second World War they led lazy lives on Ocean Island, which has been British since 1900. In those days they existed solely on rents a British company paid them for the rights to dig phosphate from their land. They did little gardening or fishing and ate only imported food, so that throughout the central Pacific they became known as the "tin-opener tribe."

NEW HOME

But it was a different story after the war. The Japanese had ravaged Ocean Island. Consequently the British Government bought Rambi Island from a copra company for £25,000 and shipped the tin-opening Banabans there. They were now forced to rely on their own resources.

With a new life ahead of them they set about building villages, stores, a hospital, and later a cinema. They started to care for the neglected coconut plantations, entered the fishing industry, and erected a community centre. At a recent census the majority of them voted against returning to Ocean Island. Their new way of life was much more interesting than the old.

LISTENING WORLD

The world has more than 230 million radio sets—almost one for every ten persons. Half of these are in the United States, which has 25 million in cars alone. Europe has 175 sets for every 1000 inhabitants, Africa 10.

The United States also has the most television sets, more than 25 million. Britain has three million.

C N Competition No. 13

WHO WANTS A BICYCLE?

A GLEAMING new bicycle, complete with accessories, goes to the winner of this week's competition! There are also ten 10s. notes for runners-up. Entry is open to all readers under 17 living in Great Britain, Ireland, and the Channel Islands.

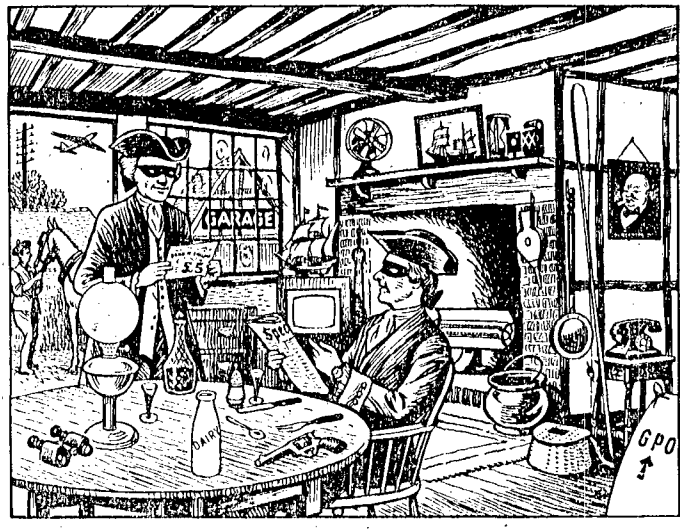
HOW TO ENTER: The picture below shows two highwaymen of Dick Turpin's time. Some of the objects in the picture obviously should not be there because they were not invented until a later period—the electric fire is one. Can you spot eleven others to make twelve in all?

Make a neat list, in ink or pencil, of your answers on a postcard. (There are more than twelve objects out of place in the picture, but we want you to list twelve only, remember.) Add your full name, age, and address, ask a parent or guardian to sign the entry as your own work, and attach to it the competition token (marked C N Token) from the back page of this issue. Post to:

C N Competition No. 13,
3 Pilgrim Street, London, E.C.4 (Comp.),

to arrive by Tuesday, October 19, the closing date.

The prize bicycle—junior or full-size model as required—will be awarded for the entry which is correct, or most nearly so, and the best written according to age. There are 10s. notes for the ten next best. The Editor's decision is final.



Well saved!

The owner of this puppy will be feeling grateful... and we too are very grateful to the many of you who save up and help us at the N.S.P.C.C. to help the children who aren't properly cared for. Have you joined the League of Pity (the Boys' and Girls' Branch of the N.S.P.C.C.)? It's well worth being a member—every penny you save is helping another boy or girl.

HOW TO JOIN: Save up 2/6 and send it with the form below, which you should cut out and fill in. The League then sends you your Blue Bird Membership Badge and, on loan, a Blue Egg in which to put your League savings.

SEND YOUR COUPON NOW

To The League of Pity, VICTORY HOUSE, LEICESTER SQUARE, LONDON, W.C.2. Please enrol me as a Member. I enclose P.O. for 2/6

NAME

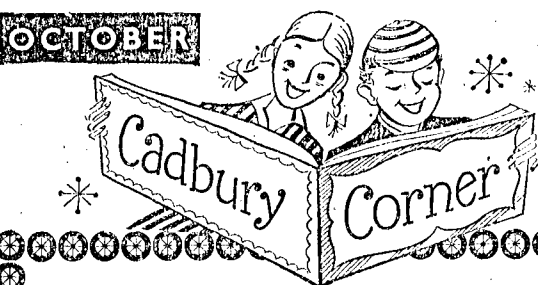
ADDRESS

PLEASE USE BLOCK CAPITALS

FREE 50 PICTORIAL STAMPS

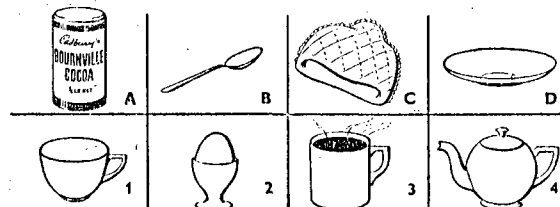
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61 Whitley Road, Hoddesdon, Herts.



TWO COMPETITIONS WITH CHOCOLATE PRIZES

Delicious Chocolate Prizes are offered for each of the two competitions in this month's Cadbury Corner. No competitor can win more than one prize.



PAIR-THEM-UP. Objects 1, 2, 3 and 4 are all things you see at meal times. And objects A, B, C and D pair up with objects 1, 2, 3 and 4. Can you spot the four 'pairs'? When you think you have found them, write down the letter and number of each pair. For example, if you think the tin of cocoa goes with the teapot, write down A.4. Send your answer on a postcard (2d. stamp) with your name, age and address to 'Corner Comp.', CADBURYS, Dept. 23, BOURNVILLE, BIRMINGHAM, by October 30th. The first 30 correct entries marked on that date will win Cadbury Chocolate Prizes.

'TEACH-ME-AT-REST' If you re-arrange the letters in the phrase above, you can make them into a well-known Cadbury slogan. Write your solution on a postcard (2d. stamp) and send it with your name, age and address to 'Corner Comp.', CADBURYS, Dept. 23, BOURNVILLE, BIRMINGHAM, by October 30th. The first 30 correct entries marked on that date will win Cadbury Chocolate Prizes.

And now—just for fun!

MAKE A PAPER SIREN

Cut a strip of thin paper—about 6" long and 1½" wide. Fold it three times as shown here and put a 'V'-shaped cut in the centre fold. Hold it as shown and blow hard between your fingers to get a piercing whistle.

EYE-TEASER

Which of these two straight lines is the longer?
ANSWER: They are the same length.

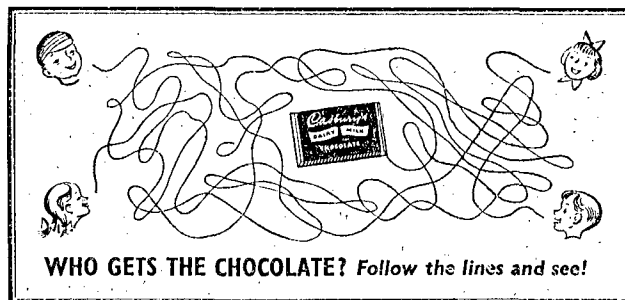
HE CAN'T DO IT!

Ask your friend to stand with one leg and foot pressed against a wall. Then tell him to lift his other knee—just watch his antics!

MR. JONES: 'When my son leaves school, he wants to drive a steam-roller.'

MR. SMITH: 'I don't think I should stand in his way!'

'What are you doing for that cold of yours?'
'I sneeze when it wants me to!'



WHO GETS THE CHOCOLATE? Follow the lines and see!

*WATCH OUT next month for Cadbury Corner. There'll be more delicious Cadbury Chocolate Prizes to win!

The Cadbury Corner competitions are open only to children under 16 living in Great Britain or Northern Ireland.

THE BRAN TUB

TALKING POINT

"I TALK to myself," said a man of learning when questioned on his habit, "for two reasons. First, I like to talk to a sensible man, and second, I like to hear man of sense talk."

When . . .

. . . is a horse not a horse?

When it is turned into a field.

It rained

AFTER many days of arid desiccation, the vapory captains marshalled their thundering hosts and poured out upon thirsting humanity and pulverizing vegetation a few inches of aqua pluvialis.

Passage in an old American newspaper, telling its readers that it had rained

Out of place

WHICH of these items is out of place?

FLOOR, WALLS, DOORS, DECK, ROOF.

Deck, because it is the only one not found in a house.

Silver wings

UPON the Damask-rose bush which grows beside the wall I saw a dainty fairy preparing for a ball.

Her dress was of black velvet, and trimmed with golden lace, She was so sweet and dainty, with such a pretty face.

Her powder-puff of swan's down she pressed inside a rose, Then smeared the yellow pollen about her face and nose.

But when I ventured closer, to get a better view,

She spread her wings of silver and very quickly flew.

Dad says I saw a big bee, or simply dreamed it all.

But Mummy thinks a fairy was preparing for a ball.

What . . .

. . . are malachite, agate, serpentine, and azurite?

Types of minerals.

Star game

WITH a coloured pencil make a dot with five little lines coming out round the edges. (See the one in the top left-hand corner of the sketch.)



Now see what you can turn it into with a pencil. The examples here show a pierrot's cap and a spray of flowers.

This can be played at a party, each guest being given a piece of paper with a starred dot on it; number each paper and have a three minute time limit.

Let the players vote the best picture according to the numbers; the number which collects most votes gets a small prize.

NOT QUITE PLAIN SAILING FOR JACKO & CHIMP



The blustery autumn winds were just right for Jacko and Chimp to have an umbrella sailing race on the village pond. There having been nobody about at the time, the chums had had no difficulty in borrowing the umbrellas. That arose when one irate owner discovered his loss. And, of course, he knew exactly who was to blame!

Soccergram

In the following paragraph the words printed in *italic letters* can be rearranged to form the name of a Soccer club. Which one?

"It is obvious that we cannot rely on this *map*," Jack grumbled. "We must return to camp." But this *Guy* seemed loth to do.

Plymouth Argyle

Weather wish

SAID a Yorkshireman named Mr. Walter:

"If I could I would certainly alter

The climate of Hull, Which is chilly and dull, And make it a bit more like Malta."

BEDTIME TALE

Billy makes a clean sweep

"Oh dear, here come the leaves again," said daddy as the wind shook another batch from the trees. "Oh, well, they may take hours to collect but at least they make good fertiliser for the garden."

As daddy left, carrying his golf bag, Billy decided that he would do his good turn for the day.

He borrowed mummy's broom and began sweeping all the leaves towards the centre of the lawn. It took him a long time, but when he had finished the lawn was free of leaves except for the great heap in the centre.

Billy went indoors, very proud of his work.

When daddy came home at lunch-time Billy took him by the hand into the back garden.

"There!" he said proudly, pointing to the lawn and waiting for daddy's smile of gratitude.

"Well," said daddy, "what am I supposed to look at?"

Billy turned round—and his mouth dropped. The lawn was once again covered with leaves!

"But—but I cleared them into a heap," he spluttered indignantly.

Daddy grinned. "But, Billy, you forgot that unless you covered them up the wind would scatter them again."

Two jokers

"FOUR suits for three and six!" gasped Pat.

"Good gracious! I must try them. Where are they, Jack? Come tell me quick,

For everyone will buy them."

"Oh, no, there's lots and lots in stock,

Look there," laughed artful Jack.

"Best Playing Cards," read out poor Pat,

"At three and six per pack."

SPOT THE . . .

FLY AGARIC, with white gills gleaming beneath its scarlet, white-spotted cap. It is usually found growing in woods, often near silver birches.



This is one of our most poisonous fungi, and despite its attractive appearance should be left alone.

Not all highly-coloured fungi are poisonous. The edible chanterelle is a bright yellow hue. Some of the more soberly clad varieties are dangerous.

The number of deadly poisonous fungi in the British Isles is not as great as is generally supposed. There are many kinds which if eaten, would produce extremely unpleasant, but not dangerous, results.

Flower Legend

OSEETAH (The Bird) was a beautiful maiden belonging to the tribe of the Saranacs. Wayotah (Blazing Sun), the chief, loved Oseetah, but her parents had promised her to another.

Torn between admiration for the young chief and duty to her parents, Oseetah fled, but Wayotah went in pursuit. Unfortunately, she fell into a lake, and Wayotah dived to her rescue, but she vanished.

The next day the lake was covered with beautiful white flowers with golden centres. The Saranac tribe's prophet proclaimed that the flowers were in fact Oseetah; the white petals represented the purity of her heart, her love was as the gold which the petals enclosed. In this way Water-lilies are said to have originated.

WHAT FLOWER AM I?

MY first is a creature with great long ears,
My next is the sound that the church-goer hears.
I am a pale blue and grow wild in the grass—
So small you may miss me whenever you pass.

Hebe Marshall

Naturally

HISSED a snake doing sums by a ladder:

"My answers get madder and madder.

I'll get help from Miss Viper,

For she's a good typer.

And also an excellent adder."

Scavengers

TODAY, no one would be flattered to be called a scavenger, yet originally such a person was a respected citizen!

In olden times, street traders had to pay a tax called scavagium, which was based on the value of the goods they had for sale, and the customs officer collecting the tolls was known as the scavenger.

Eventually, when the tax was lifted, the scavenger became a street orderly, who was responsible for seeing that the streets were left clean and tidy.

Later, when the police came into being, the street orderlies became street cleaners.

Birds in a group

A GROUP of hawks is known as a cast and a group of nightingales is described as a watch.

TIMEPIECE

"You did not pay much attention to the sermon, did you, Johnny?" scolded mother.

"Yes, I did, mum."

"Well, what was it about, then?"

"About an hour."

Too much for the coat

A GREEDY old fellow of Sutton For ever was eating cold mutton;

He grew very fat,

The result being that

His overcoat never would button.

Winding a watch

IT is wiser to wind a watch first thing in the morning rather than late at night.

The temperature is usually lowest at night and could cause a tightly-wound spring to shrink and possibly break.

Incidentally, it is a very bad habit to shake a watch to make it go. Gentle tapping will often do the trick.

What . . .

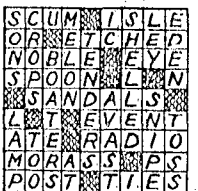
. . . word may be pronounced quicker by adding a syllable?

Quick

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Picture puzzle

Basket
Ladder
Anchor
Cross
Key
Bottle
Iron
Rabbit
Diamond



COFFEE CREAM!



TURKISH DELIGHT!



GOOSEBERRY CREAM!



CARAMEL!



PRALINE PÂTE!



NOUGAT!!

6 different chocolates on every

CALEY for choice!

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